HAVE YOU

Tests That Pupils Were Put To-Willing Death to a Family-Seeking a Sign From the Dead by Weird Incantation -End of Tohoto, the Last Tohunga

What in the past has been termed magic presents itself now to the scientific mind as an imperfect use of forces the full knowledge of which we have yet to acquire. The Maori priest of old, or tohunga as he was called, was master of many powers which can now be explained by hypnotism, although his methods of pretending to procure messages from the gods were doubtless due to craft. Ventriloquism also was practised by the priests, particularly when communication was desired with a deceased relative. There remains, however, a mass of evidence proving that these men possessed powers which can only be explained, says a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, by processes into which we are only now beginning to have any insight.

Many white men are familiar with some of the outward forms of the observances of the Macri priest, but of the inner meaning and origin of their ritual we know nothing. In the teaching handed down to those chosen among their direct descendants under circumstances of great secrecy the pupil was put to several tests in order to prove his proficiency.

First he had to take in his hand a hard, smooth and round stone, and repeating a karakja, or incantation called a hoa, to shatter the stone into fragments, and that only by the mental operation of willing, without any physical effort. To all the priest's operations the karakia was a necessary adjunct. It supplied to the Polynesian mind an outward sign connecting cause and effect. The old time Maori believed, indeed, that the karakia, the form of words used, wrought the desired effect; and the efficacy of this incantation depended on the absolute fidelity with which the formula was pronounced.

The action of Christ in destroying the barren fig tree presents an exact illustration of this destroying by the power of the will which their word hoa covers. The latest guess of scientists, that every existing object in the universe is composed of one element and that the unit of that element is the electric eon, leads one to the gate of a field of speculation in which the mind may wander far.

If the pupil was successful in the stone test he was next made to try his powers on some animate object, such as a flying bird, the process being the same as before. According to the Maoris, the bird was always killed if the pupil was proficient. Or he might hoa a fleeing enemy and cause him to be seized with all those agonies of retardation which we are all familiar with when suffering from nightmare.

Then came the final test, the pupil being ordered to exercise the power of willing to death some near relative of his own in order to show that in the exercise of his powers he could rise superior to the feelings of natural affection. This was the dread makuku, and it is well known that if a Maori believed he was thus bewitched he was sure to die. Here we see the effect of hypnotism and suggestion conveyed by telepathy. Sometimes a priest who considered himself deeply affronted has been known to will to death a whole family for the act of one individual, and all, even the babe at the breast, have wilted away.

The tohunga was even credited with the power of influencing the dead. The present writer was a witness of the following incident. A branch of the Arawas, the tribe of the district of Rotorua, being at war, had suffered defeat, and one of their braves had been brought home dead. The vanquished sought at once to find out, by some omen connected with the dead chief, whether they would be successful in their next encounter.

The tohunga was requested to procure the desired omen, the people squatting in a ring about the bier. Advancing a few paces from the dead body, the priest began to recite a powerful incantation, intent on making the deceased give some sign, the eyes of all present being fixed on the slain warrior. Presently the corpse was observed to move slightly to one side, on which a great cry of joy rose from the people. The movement was interpreted as a sign of future victory. This feat was often performed by the tohunga of olden times.

Tohoto was the last of the old tohungas. The number of his years could hardly be guessed at; he was almost a Methuselah of the Maori, his race, and, careless as to his personal appearance, he wore his hair long. I visited him several times in the '70s, but so extremely sacred was his person held that it was only after repeated delays that I was allowed to see him; indeed, he considered that white people were not fit to associate with, as they had no system of tapu, nor did they regard things which were tapu to the Maori with any reverence. I was deeply interested in his manifestations, partly for their strangeness and partly, perhaps, because I had myself assimilated many of the Maori superstitions by the mere force of propinquity.

From the first he had resisted all effort From the first he had resisted all effort of the missionaries to induce him to abandon his ancient faith for Christianity. As he still had a large following who for his sake refused to recognize Christianity, his conversion was greatly desired. New Zealand's greatest Bishop laid siege to the old heathen at Makoia, that tree clad isle in Lake Roturia, to which the beautiful Hinemoa swam. For hours the Bishop approximation of the second statement of the second moa swam. For hours the Bishop en-deavored to win the priest over. But his powers of persuasion—how great these were is well known—for once failed utterly. Tohoto sat in moody silence. At length he lifted his head. "Hearken unto my words!" he said. "If you can do this I will accept your Cod."

Then picking up the dead leaf of a cab-bage tree which had fluttered to the ground he held it out loosely between his fingers at arm's length. His withered body was naked to the hips; the sun was high in the heavens; no deception was possible. After repeating an incentation he invited his visitor to look. Lo, the leaf had become green! The strong minded, highly edu-cated Englishman had no belief in either Tohoto or his powers, yet by some mental influence the decrepit Polynesian was able to make the virile white man believe that hat he saw was a fresh green leaf; yet it was in reality still a dry brown one.

The end of the last of the tohungas was both singular and pathetic. On that terrible night in June, 1886, when the Pink and White Terraces were lost to New Zeaand, and darkness came over the land. Tohoto was sleeping at Wairoa village. The was buried beneath the rain of ashes, and it was seven days before he was dug out of the rains of his hut. He was very feeble after his long confinement in a hole teat must have been for a time scarcely less hot than an oven, and he was black with the ashes from the volcanic eruption. Yet had he been left alone he might have recovered, but they took him to the hospital at Rotorua, where, probably in ignorance of the awful sacredness in which the head is held among Maoria and can the head is held among Maoris, and especially that of a tohunga, the white and matted hair and beard were cut off. It was the most terrible and degrading thing that could have happened to Tohoto. his personal tanu had been violated and this, preying on his mind, killed him.

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"Let me have love," said one, "and I will ask for naught else

"It is wealth that smoothes life's pathway. Send me riches for my portion," prayed the

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Mouth-to-Nose Lines
Flabby, Wrinkly Eyelids
Crow's Feet, Wrinkles
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Pimples, Birthmarks
Warts, Veins, Moles
Superfluous Hair
Red Nose, Blotches
Skin or Scalp Disorder "It is weath that shouthes he by power in the power will a fourth woman, following them, laughing as she cried:

"Give me beauty, O, inmortal Ones, and with that wondrous power will I win all the gifts these other women begged. Love, fame, wealth—all are beauty's dower."

And it was the fourth woman whom the Fates named "THE WISE WOMAN."

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ARGENTINE NATIONAL PARKS

IN ONE ARE THE FAMOUS FALLS OF THE IGUAZU.

A Cataract Which Is Among the Biggest and Most Picturesque in the World -The Beauties of Lake Nahuel Huant to Be Preserved and Made Accessible.

Argentina has now two national parks. which are strikingly different from each other, but both of which are among the finest things in their way that the world affords. One of them is the celebrated falls in the Iguazu River, on the border between Argentina and Brazil, and the other is a part of the beautiful and extensive Lake Nahuel Huapi, whose several arms extend up the valleys of the Andes in the northern part of Patagonia

The Iguazu Falls have been practically inaccessible to tourists, but this year the Government has begun the work of improvement which will make them easy to reach and provide all the comforts of civilization for those who may wish to visit this natural wonderland.

The falls are among the great scenic spectacles of the world. Their height is about 200 feet and the fall is broken about midway in the descent by a wide ledge of rocks, so that the water drop is in two cascades.

In breadth the falls doubtless exceed any others in the world, being about 13,000 feet or roughly two and a half miles in width. This, however, is not an uninterrupted waterfall, for islands intervene just as Goat Island separates the American from the Canadian falls at Niagara. The falls are thus much higher and wider

than Niagara, but they do not carry so large an amount of water. No other falls give a more impressive conception of power and grandeur than the best scenic parts of the length of the the Iguazu cataracts. The improvements are being made according to the plans of Charles Thays, the Director of Parks and of the Botanica Garden in Buenos Ayres. Driveways will wind around through the forest and the other magnificent sub-tropical vegetation.

Paths will lead to every point of vantage where the most picturesque views may be enjoyed, bridges will span the gulches and there will be hotels to suit different pockets; casinos, baths, an adminisration building and other structures will be erected. This is to be a playground for the world, and the Government will protect every natural feature, including the splendid forest. The purpose is to pre-

serve the wild and primitive aspects of the

serve the wild and primitive aspects of the whole park as nearly intact as possible. One of the most celebrated men of the Argen tine Republic is Dr. Francisco Moreno who has just retired from the directorship of the La Plata Museum and who figured in Santiago de Chile and London as the Argentine arbiter in the long boundary dispute between Chile and Argentina, His Government several years ago, as a national Government several years ago, as a national recognition of his public services, presented to him twenty-five square leagues of land in Patagonia on the shores of Lake Nahuel

Huapi.

Upon his request he was permitted to return to the Government three square leagues of the grant to be turned into an Argentine national park. He said that in all his travels he had never seen a region that surpassed this mountain lake and its surroundings in natural grandeur and beauty.

The physical phenomena of the region were beginning to attract the attention of travellers of other nations who were finding there rich opportunities for fruitful study, and the marvellous beauty of the lake, the torrents and waterfalls, the gigan-tic forests and the lofty peaks of the Andes tic forests and the lofty peaks of the Andes with their eternal snows, all helped to with their eternal shows, all helped to make a geographical situation of trans-cendent attractiveness.

To make the region accessible the rail-road must be extended from Neuquem to the lake, a distance of about 180 miles.

This improvement is not far away.



FALLS OF THE IGUAZU IN ARGENTINA'S NEW NATIONAL PARK

PEDIGREES OF BRITISH PEERS

NOBILITY FOR THE MOST PART BRAND NEW.

Not of an Ancient Stock -Peerage That Goes Furthest Back Dates From 1264-Longest Pedigree That of Duke of Northumberland-Right to Sit in Parliament

When the peers were opposing the last reform bill one noble lord declared the house to which he belonged to be the highest embodiment of human wisdom. Equal pretensions are put forward concerning the pedigrees of its members. They are "our old nobility!" But the pedigrees of most peers are as disputable as their wisdom, writes Michael Savage in the London Chronicle, and our nobility for the most part is not old, but quite modern, and to no inconsiderable extent brand new

There is no peerage in existence which is representative of any baron who sat in the Grand Council of William the Con-queror or his successors. "There must be an end of names and dignities and whatso-ever is terrene," said Lord Chief Justice Crewe nearly three centuries since. "And why not of De Vere? For where is Bohun? Where's Mowbray? Where's Mortimer? Nay, which is more and most of all, where is Plantagenet?" With the forgotten and

unrepresented dead.

E. A. Freeman, an industrious and careful student of such matters, was wont to contend that no pedigree could be trusted if it went back further than the eleventh century. There is no peerage which goes back so far. The oldest is that of Lord de Ros, who is the premier baron of England. It dates from 1264; that is to say, from the reign of Hanry III But the present bearer of unrepresented dead. of Henry III. But the present bearer of the title is not a De Ros, though that has been

the title is not a De Ros, though that has been assumed as the family name. The barony was in abeyance from 1687 to 1806. The present peer is one of the Geraldines. He is descended from Lord Henry Fitzgerald, the brother of the unfortunate Lord Edward, and is therefore related in different degrees to the Duke of Leinster and Mr. George Wyndham.

Almost the longest pedigree in Burke is that of the Duke of Northumberland. It carries the family back on one side to Mainfred, a Danish chieftain, one of the companions of Rollo, and on the other to Charlemagne. Hardly anything could be much more illustrious. But there never was a Percy in Northumberland and the

actual family name of the present duke is Smithson. The earldom of Northumber-land dates from the reign of George II. and the dukedom dates only from the reign

and the dukedom dates only from the reign of George III.

There were previous Earls of Northumberland, famous in history, but they were not of the Percy or Smithson stock, though to say this is not "according to Cocker," otherwise Burke. At the time of the agitation for the first reform bill it was said with perfect truth that "the antiquity of the families of the existing peerage is a farce. The Heralds' College and the Alienation Office are the managers of this noble melodrama. When a line becomes noble melodrama. When a line becomes extinct by some trick of marriage or by some interpretation of a patent a trap door is struck and out comes a representative of the Marches or the Mowbrays.

"To such an extent is this carried that the same family name is changed almost every year in the peerage, and some peers do not know their own names. For instance, Lord Oriel wished to vote against the reform bill. His real name is Foster. He signed his proxy Ferrard. He ought to have written Skeffington. There was one vote less against the people."

There is only one existing peerage as old as the reign of Henry III. There are four dating back to that of Edward I. The only peerage of the reign of Edward II. is that of Baron Courtenay, now represented by the Earl of Devon. There survive one peerage from the reign of Henry To such an extent is this carried that

sented by the Earl of Devon. There survive one peerage from the reign of Henry VII., that of Willoughby de Broke; and two from the reign of Edward VI., that of Baron Paget, now Marquis of Anglesey, and that of Baron Herbert, now Earl of Pembroke. Among Mary's peerages only that of the Earl of Guidford, formerly Baron North, now survives. There are more survivals from the reigns af Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. and II. It was James I. who was the earliest of our kings to put peerages up to sale. He also had the happy thought of inventing the baronetage for the same financial reasons. How modern an institution the House of

hard the happy thought of inventing the baronetage for the same financial reasons. How modern an institution the House of Lords is in its present constitution will be clearly seen from what follows. When Elizabeth ascended the throne there were, exclusive of the Bishops, rather more than thirty peers. Of the members of the House of Lords in the reign of Charles I. the Earl of Clarendon says, despite the numerous recent creations: "They were few in number, and used to adjourn for two or three days together for want of business." Yet Charles's father had created sixty-two peerages, more than double the number in existence at the time of his accession.

Charles I. created thirty, and Charles II. eighty-seven. At the death of William III. there were 192 peers. Under Anne the number rose to 209, under George I. to 216, and

under George II. to 229. And then came the deluge. The Lords had themselves anticinated it at the Hanoverian succession. They then resolved that their numbers should thenceforward be limited, and that the Crown should be deprived of its pre-rogative to make new creations. But this rogative to make new creations. But this resolution was passed over without serious notice, if not without remark. Probably George I. would not have understood it even if it had been translated to him, and under George II. a peerage was Walpole's highest heibe. highest bribe. It is to George III., however, that we owe

a most disproportionate share of our exist-ing peerage. Simon de Mortfort summoned a most disproportionate share of our existing peerage. Simon de Mortfort summoned
twenty-three temporal peers to his memorable Parliament. George III. created
224. William Pitt, said a contemporary,
made them out of "second rate squires and
fat graziers, caught them in the alleys of
Lombard street and clutched them from
the counting houses of Cornhill."

There were representatives of 145 of George

There were representatives of 145 of George I.'s peers in the House of Lords at the time of the first Reform bill, and the bulk of them, of course, voted against that

measure. The creations of George IV. numbered sixty-four, and those of William IV. numbered forty. When Queen Victoria had been twelve years on the throne there were 448 peers. In a little over twenty years the number had passed the five hundredth mile-stone, and now—those who talk of a conference between the two houses may like to know—the number is so great and the Tory preponderance is so heavy that a conference would place Mr. Balfour in a majority, even with a House of Commons like the present

conference would place Mr. Balfour in a majority, even with a House of Commons like the present.

The hereditary peerage is like the Cabinet. It has grown up outside the law. There is nothing in the Constitution conferring on the holder of a peerage the right to sit in Parliament and take part in legislation. It is one of those "rights" which have been snapped up, like commons and roadside spaces. There were no lords by letters patent of creation under the Norman kings.

The occupant of the throne summoned such men as he wanted, and they sat while the great Council, or Parliament, lasted. It did not follow that they were summoned for the next similar assembly. Many of them, indeed, had lost their heads or their estates in the interval. But even the letters patent did not confer the hereditary right to take part in the making of laws. Before they took it into their own hands the peers used to complain because they had not received writs of summons.

"The House of Peers," it was long ago said, "has maintained its existence by usurping an influence over the representation of the people which it has turned to its sole advantage."

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An Amateur's Protest Shown in His Own Design -Stairs Too Steep to Climb Down and a Fireplace With a Wooden Beam in the Line of the Flames.

On one of the hills of Westchester there is slowing rising a structure of mysterious and unusual ugliness. It is four stories high and is surmounted on one end by a square superstructure which looks like an enormous red brick packing box. Viewed from the front this building has all the graceful lines and picturesque beauty of a canal boat. Its lateral view looks like a section of a cigar factory on Avenue A. Its purpose is not in the least suggested by its appearance. It is a summer residence.

The owner of this house designed it himself There could be no doubt of that after one view. A child might have designed it on a slate at school, since its proportions are exactly of the kind that youthful scholars draw with a slate pencil and write under it "A House." It would clear up matters if the owner should paint on

one of its red brick walls "A House." "I've got an architect," he said the other day. "Of course I have. He has an office somewhere on Fifth avenue. I can't recall the number now for I never go near him. "And let me tell you, young man," he added emphatically. "that is the only way to have an architect. Forget his num-

ber and don't go near him-at any rate until your house is built." Such is the advice of the man who is prejudiced against the profession and has put up the loft building on the hilltop as his everlasting protest against the architect. A reporter tried to find out what the archi-

tect might have done to lose favor. "I'll tell you what an architect did to me." said a woman who must weigh 250 in spite said a woman who must weigh 200 in spite of her shortness, "and you can understand why I should be prejudiced against them. I wanted my house built with a broad room on the second floor. They said I could have that although it might make it necessary to have the stairs a little steep, as there was only a certain space on which to build. I did not object to that and the men went to work on that understanding.

"I was too stout to go prowling around climbing up and down on ladders, but my daughter watched the progress of the house. She is elight and spry, and could of course go about any where without difficulty. The house was finished in fact before I went into it, having come back from Europe just the day after it was finally furnished.

"Why in the world are those stairs so steep?' I saked of my daughter.

"Oh, that's on account of the large drawing room,' she said. 'They're all right.'

"Well, I got up them with difficulty. It was like walking up the side of a house. That was nothing, however, to the surprise I experienced when I started to come down. I stopped myself with horror and looked over the precipice they had built. With my size it would have been impossible to have got to the bottom. The steps looked like little shelves about two inches wide. I ran to the telephone and the architect had somebody there within an hour.

"'You see how impossible it is,' I said. of her shortness, "and you can understand

ran to the telephone and the architect had somebody there within an hour.

"You see how impossible it is,' I said.
'Nothing could induce me to take my life in my hands by trying to go down those steps. You will have to change them or realize that you have made me a prisoner for life on the second story. I would not try those steps for anything."

"He said it had been expressly under-

"He said it had been expressly under-stood that the stairs were to be narrow and steep for the sake of more room on the second floor. It never could have been understood about any stairs, however, that they were

about any stairs, however, that they were to be too steep for the woman who owned them to go up and down. The carpenters arrived the next day and began to change the angle. They worked for three weeks putting in the new stairs. Then I had to pay an extra \$500 for the changes that made it possible for me to use my stairway."

There was another man with a story of his architectural experiences to add to this. He had ordered from a firm of architects a country house. The owner went away and did not see the house from the time the walls were up until he returned to find it completed. The architects and he had their communication over the plans, which had proved very satisfactory.

"You may imagine the delight with which I hurried out to the house when I got back from the West," he said. "In addition to my wife, our party included

several friends and one of the architects.
I was delighted with the façade of the house and rushed up the steps to the piazza to open the door and go inside.
"That door looked wrong in some way the minute I laid my eyes on it. I realized what the matter was when I started to go in. The door complex years in all the started to go in. go in. The door opening was in all no higher than the bridge of my nose. To enter it was necessary for me to stoop.

I turned and looked at the architect. He
was staring in openmouthed astonishment at the result of his mistake.

"I cannot explain how such a thing hap-pened,' he said, 'except that my foreman is a very short man. I always walked through the windows when I came to visit the house, and I suppose that in that way I did not notice that the main door was at least a foot and a half too low. I can only apologize and promise to do the best I can to remedy it immediately."

"That was not dangerous," said a man who heard the recital of this mistake, "but think of the perii that a man put me

into. My house was finished and looked all right. We moved in late in the spring and everything went swimmingly until the autumn came. Then it was time to build a fire. There was a large open chimney place in the drawing room and we decided to try it. The first attempt brought a cloud of smoke which we could not account for, although it filled the room to suffocation. house was finished and looked suffocation. "Every time we built a fire the smoking

began about twenty minutes after it was lit. As the weather grew cooler and the fire was a necessity I sent to New York for an expert to examine the chimney.



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the house had left across the chimney at a distance of about six feet above the fireplace a thick wooden beam. Naturally as the heat of the fire ascended the beam began to ignite and smoke. The large fires that I intended to use in winter would probably have set fire to it within a short time after the big fire was lit. Well, you can imagine that I expressed my opinion freely to that architect.

"He said of course that it was the fault of the contractor, who in turn swore that the architect had told him to leave it there and that he had done so under protest. The mistake was under any circumstance-inexcusable."

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